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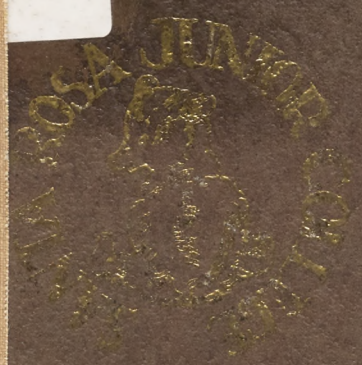


The BEAR CUB

THE BEAR CUB

Published Annually by the
Associated Students
of the
Santa Rosa Junior College

JUNIOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

1923

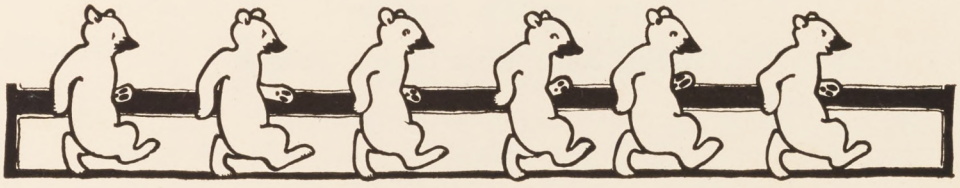
To the

MASONIC FRATERNITY,

whose whole-hearted and self-sacrificing generosity
in tendering to us their temple
for school purposes
in time of need
has made it possible for us
to continue our college work,
this publication is gratefully dedicated

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Faculty	7
Sophomore Notes	8
Freshman Notes	9
Foreword	10
Literary	11
Firelight	11
Harvest (First Prize Story)	12
Prophecy and Fulfillment (First Prize Poems)	18
Booth Tarkington	20
The Ocean (Poem)	24
One Night in a Street Car	26
Fame (Series of Poems)	29
Oaks	35
The Fire (Poem)	36
Rushes	37
Editorial Staff	39
Editorial	40
Student Body Officers	41
Student Activities	42
Society	48
Drama	50
Athletics	52
Classic Impressions	56
Alumni	58
Tin Can Alley	59
Jokes	63



FLOYD P. BAILEY
Dean, Santa Rosa Junior College

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B. L. and Graduate work, University of California.

FLOYD P. BAILEY, B. S. Dean of the College and Instructor in Physics.
B. S. and Graduate study, University of California.

EDWARD EVERETT, B. S. Head of Horticulture Department.
A. B. and B. S. University of California.

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B. S. and Graduate study, University of California.

HORACE A. SCOTT, M. S. Head of Science Department. Instructor in Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology.
B. A. Drury College.
M. S. Northwestern University.

MORRIS KIRKSEY, A. B. Instructor in Physical Education.
A. B. Stanford University.

GENEVIEVE MOTT, A. B. Head of English Department.
A. B. and Graduate study, University of California.

CATHERINE FIELDS, M. A. Instructor in Public Speaking.
A. B. and M. A. Stanford University.

GEORGE BARTLETT, Ph. B. Instructor in History and Economics.
B. L. Harvard University.
Ph. B. University of California.

A. B. REYNOLDS, A. B. Head of Language Department. Instructor in Spanish and French.
A. B. Colgate University.

PARTHENIA O'CONNOR. Instructor in French.
University of Grenoble, France.
University of Southern California.

J. C. ELKINS. Instructor in Spanish.
Columbia University.
University of California.

DANIEL T. McCARTHY, A. B. Head of Mathematics Department. Instructor in Logic and Mathematics.
A. B. and Graduate study, University of Colorado.
Graduate study University of California.

MILDRED H. TURNER, A. M. Instructor in Physical Education.
A. B. and A. M. Stanford University.

N. JUELL, M. D. Instructor in Hygiene.
University of Christiania, Norway.
Rush Medical College, Chicago.

SOPHOMORE CLASS
Top Row: Herbert Brandon, Violet Hastings, Stacy Lee, Mildred Shelley, Melvin Holm, Arnold Coltrin, Fred Janssen.
Lower Row: Elvyn Pye, Mildred Woodworth, Margery Anderson, Aleta Lynn, Bernard Holm, Gertrude Willcox, Ernest Baer, Catherine Pressley, Lois Cox.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

After a year of strenuous student body and social activities, the Junior College Sophomore class of nineteen students is leaving. With the excellent work of the past behind them, most of the students are going on with university work. The students who are going to the University of California, with their majors, are: Catherine Pressley, Floriculture; Violet Hastings, Physical Education and English; Mildred Shelley, English; Ernest Baer, Economic Geology and Public Speaking; Melvin Holm, Chemistry; Lois Cox, Economics; Marjorie Anderson, Languages; Stacy Lee, Agriculture; Bernard Holm, Electrical Engineering; Mildred Woodworth, Music; Aleta Lynn, English. Elvyn Pye and Joel Mallory will take up post graduate work in the Junior College; Gertrude Willcox and Nellianna Pye will go to San Jose State Teachers College; Frances Jordan will go to Goucher College in Baltimore; Herbert Brandon will go to work for a time and then go on to Stanford University with a major in Journalism and Public Speaking; Arnold Coltrin and Fred Janssen have as yet not decided their courses.

The class president of the last semester was Miss Pressley, with Miss Lynn as financial representative; this semester the respective officers are Miss Willcox and Miss Shelley.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Top Row: Fred Fellows, Bryant Forsyth, Joe Swyers, Kenneth LaPoint, William Olsen, Ray Krotzer, Theodore Woolsey, Fred Rogers, Donald Cooper.
Lower Row: Marie Miller, Frances McCanse, Ruth Swyers, Maybelle Nissen, Evelyn Feliz, Helen Barker, Martha Erwin, Dolores Ross, Virla Roper, Frances Jones, Zelma Spidle.

FRESHMAN NOTES

President
Kenneth La Point

Vice-President
Helen Barker

Secretary
Dolores Ross

There are at the present time twenty-six members of the Freshman Class. This notable group is made up not only of graduates of the Santa Rosa High School, but includes many students from the high schools of neighboring towns. A truly and most excellent college spirit is manifested by the class, as is evinced by its various activities, both academic and social. During the year there have been numerous plays, candy sales, picnics, dances, and the like, all of which were marked successes. May the Freshman Class always carry with it the same spirit of zeal and earnestness which has characterized it during the past year!

FOREWORD

With the burning of the high school in 1921, and its distressing consequences, the future of the Santa Rosa Junior College was doubtful. For a week, or so, we felt that all was lost; then, happily, the Masons lent a hand and we were given the Blue Lodge room for our headquarters. Had it not been for their timely aid, the Junior College would have probably had to disorganize. But with this backing, all of us, faculty and students, put our shoulders to the wheel, and with one object in view, the success of Junior College, we forged ahead, and find ourselves now well on the way toward that goal.

One hears it said, "Well, 'every cloud has a silver lining'," and surely this dark moment of our lives has brought us all closer together, and in working as one toward a common purpose, we have learned to appreciate and value each other's efforts. We have developed that supreme element of success, co-operation; "all for one and one for all."

Had it not been for this unity of spirit and the determination of every one to do his best we could not have had so successful a year or even attempted to put out an annual.

Considering how few we are in number, and the difficulties we have had to surmount, we hope we have achieved what we set out to do: to make this issue of the Bear Cub a book worthy of college students, and an accurate delineation of our aim in life. —The Editor.

Editor's Note—A committee composed of faculty members chose the stories and poems of the Bear Cub for their literary value, without the knowledge of the names of the authors.

FIRELIGHT

Firelight, the bond of cheer between our hearts;
With your flaming coals, your hearts of glowing gold,
You bring us love in the dreams of life you mold.
You live your life, then in ashes grey, depart.
A cheering joy to others you impart.
Like friends, to you our sorrows we unfold.
Listening, you glow, as the secrets of life are told,
A flaming death—while shadows over you dart.

You die; but buried deep with you, in grey,
The cares and secrets of life are lost.
Our hearts are light; firelight, to you we owe
The happiness of hiding cares away,
Of knowing life is far more worth the cost.
We want to live—and other cares to know.

—Violet Hastings.

HARVEST

By Herbert M. Brandon.

[FIRST PRIZE STORY]

"For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."
Hosea 8:7.

I.

He was gaunt and weather-beaten. His face, that is, the face underneath, seemed to have shriveled from its former size, leaving only a thin, parchment-like layer of unshrinkable skin, that creased and folded and overlapped like the skin on some sun-dried fruit. Indeed he seemed to be sun-dried himself, so dusty and dry and shrunken was he.

And he stood on a mountain with a bamboo staff in his hand, and marveled at the wondrous expanse before him, for below and to the right were peach-trees full of bloom, and beyond these, a line of elms, birches, and willows that shaded an irritable, full-of-business, little trout stream.

And he marveled more, for as he turned to center there was a great, waving wheat-field just in that mergent stage, that changing from green to gold. And in the middle distance was a small town with its little people doing little things, and gossiping little scandals, and telling little stories over which there were big laughs. And he marveled because these people remained good people, and remained satisfied in their little ways.

And then he looked to the left and marveled more, for there was a big, bustling city, and beyond, an endless expanse of blue that continued onward and onward until it met another blue that was as eternally blue as the first, but not so dark. And upon coming back and looking into the big city, he saw the same little men he had seen in the country, doing the same little things that they did before, only these men were doing the little things with a swagger and a bigness that made them "big."

And the man on the hilltop gloried in their "littleness."

People called this man crazy, and when they didn't call him that, they called him "God."

And they called him "God" because they had no other name to call him, for when they asked him questions and queried his name, he always said: "My children, the world is at my feet. Up here on this mountain I create the climates. I suck forth the buds on the trees. By

My Grace you live and by My Grace you fall.—My name is 'God'!" No wonder folks called him crazy and left him strictly to his own devices.

But his own devices were by no means few nor his imaginative resources limited.

II.

"Infernally treacherous, I call it!" thundered the august Mr. Walton at a directors' meeting, as he banged his fist on a law-book for emphasis. "Anybody who would break a promise like that for no more reason than Hall gave, should be horsewhipped,—yes sir, horsewhipped!"—he paused for effect,—and breath. His worthy colleagues were showing a more or less respectful silence. They had heard this sort of thing before; what they wanted was facts, actual statistics showing the profit or loss in the terms of the demi-god, money. Mr. Walton saw that much of his elegance of speech was wasted on such an audience, so he got down to bare facts.

"Gentlemen," he said in a cool voice, "if that dam is not built within the next three months it will cost our corporation a round million dollars extra to get power from an outside company—I say this, gentlemen: that if we cannot supply our newly electricalized railroads with our own electricity, we will lose money. That dam must be built at once!"

His audience was interested enough, now. A million dollars, cold cash, out of their own pockets was a mighty factor in their interest.

Another member of the board, a hard-faced man with heavy, worry seams creasing his face, arose to ask if Hall could not be brought to terms. Hall had a contract and could be held to it.

Mr. Walton read the last part of Hall's letter, " 'Contract or no contract, law or no law, I cannot go on with the work on the dam. The people, whom I do not fear, are much against it, as the backwater will sweep out many of their homes. But what I do fear, is this man that is called by his self-applied title, "God." He has said that when the world, which he claims to have created, gets so greedy that a few powerful and rich men want to gain more power and riches,—then the world is wrong, and he will destroy it and build it anew.

" 'And what's more, Mr. Chairman of the Board, he will do it, and if I were to stay here he'd begin with me.

" 'His cave, people claim, is as ingenious a chemistry laboratory as has been seen around here, altho no one has been allowed to investigate to any extent.

" 'I am returning herewith your contract, and hope there will be no legal difficulties arising from my decision.

" 'I regret that this unfortunate affair has occurred, but I feel that

under no circumstances could I be persuaded to continue with the work. The hermit has a reputation for obtaining his ends.

" 'Respectfully yours,

" 'John S. Hall.'

"Gentlemen, I move that we, as a body, go to Jackson Springs and investigate this odd circumstance. Perhaps even 'God' may be brought around for a bag of gold," said Mr. Walton, laughing slightly at his own humor.

After some discussion the motion was passed.

III.

This story, as to plot, is as old as the ages. It has to do with people who had much, reaching for more. It might run on indefinitely on these phases. Space, however, limits that. It might tell in detail of a proposed dam that would back up enough water to flood hundreds of families off their little holdings for a small pecuniary remuneration. It might tell of the littleness of big men. But hundreds of stories, novels, and plays have told that before. In other words, this tale were not worth the telling except for the fact—but wait—

When the Board of Directors of the H— J— Railroad and Power Co. came to the mountain Che-met-wa-na-ki (Mountain-with-the-hole-in-the-top-for-the-sun-to-come-out-of) and looked into the wonderful Te-ken-a-ran-ga Valley (Scooped-out-birch-canoe-valley), they marveled. But they didn't marvel at the fruit trees, nor the trout stream, nor the wheat field, nor the wonderful view of small town, and city, and ocean,—for they weren't looking for those things. They marveled at the size and the depths of the lake that could be made by damming the southern end of the valley, and they marveled at the unlimited electric power that could be developed. For, inexperienced engineers tho they were, they could not help seeing the possibilities, for the valley was a perfectly shaped birch-canoe, with a narrow opening at the south thru which passed the stream.

As for the houses and small vegetable patches, the ten or twenty acre wheat-fields, the barns, fences, and sheds, they saw these not at all,—all they saw was water,—water, miles of it, stretching from wall to wall, from end to end!—Water—water,—gallons of it, acres of it, miles of it, —it made their hearts glad!

And on a rock a hundred yards away, hidden behind some foliage, sat a gaunt, sinewy, ragged, white-haired, time-worn, old man. And he chuckled to himself and muttered, "By My Grace they live, and by My Grace they fall.—I am God!"

IV.

As the shadows stretched long from the trees on Che-met-wa-na-ki, the clouds commenced to drift in, obscuring the shadows, and the nine men of the Board of Directors found it necessary to look for a shelter. They started down the mountain, but the storm was in no playful mood. The wind switched and slapped the clouds into place, the lightning sizzled above, below, and thru the clouds, and the thunder rolled his myriad barrels down the long board walks of his kingdom. Between the earth and the blue sky of a few minutes before stood a black, impenetrable phalanx of clouds, from which dashed, now and again, jagged white-hot darts.

"There is a group of trees," said Mr. Walton. At the same time a large, warm drop of rain nearly the size of a thimble, split on his collar, splattered, and then ran down, half inside, half out. Regardless of the danger of trees in the lightning, regardless of anything, the nine of them broke for the shelter.

They had hardly reached the forest when one discovered a green light moving back and forth like a swinging lantern. They crowded together to talk it over, and finally decided to investigate. Each had a gun of some kind, for they were all "big" men in the world, and people have a disagreeable habit of taking pot-shots at them for only trivial things. They went forward, pistol in hand, each one steeling himself for what was to come.

Nothing came!

The green light swung, noiselessly,—they came closer, and in the garish light they saw the mouth of a cave—

"Egad!" said a Mr. Thomas, wiping his forehead, "This must be our friend 'God'. We'll pay him an evening visit and see how he responds to a fortune for nothing but 'Good Will'—Personally I shan't suggest it until we've tried all other ways—but he does seem to have the people hereabouts hoodooed."

To their callings and bangings they received no reply, so with the aid of matches they made their way down the long corridor. It had a wet, musty smell, and piled along the walls were the bleached carcasses of animals, doubtless the ones that had formed the meat portion of the hermit's diet.

Now and again when a match would go out, one or another would bump his head against a wet, sweaty ham or bacon suspended from the ceiling. The passage seemed endless, but there was a straight blade of light at the far end.

Mr. Walton uttered a little "Ugh," when he felt a ham slide over his forehead and knock off his hat. — "I'm not so sure I shouldn't have rather stayed out in the rain."

"Here, too," said Yardell, "I hope our friend at the end of the tunnel has some ginger-ale or seltzer water to aid our pocket-joys." He smiled, and patted his right hip-pocket.

V.

The hermit pointed silently, casually, to some boxes and benches scattered about the room. The visitors took this for an invitation to sit. They sat.

They waited for him to speak.—Other than the words at the door, "Come in," he had said nothing. He was busy now at a table at one side, handling test-tubes, flasks, retorts, crucibles, and pipettes; pouring, measuring, heating, and mixing.

The light in the room was a modern white-light gasoline lantern, but as time wore on it grew dimmer and dimmer.

As the hermit worked on unnoticing, the Board fidgeted, grew restless in their seats.

Yardell watched "God" with fascination. He mentally compared his skin to parchment,—he speculated and shuddered to think of it. He wondered how close that flame would have to come before it would catch that thin, wrinkled skin, and burn it away in an instant, leaving only the shrunken frame of the man.

The light burned dimmer and dimmer; the test-tubes began to give off ghastly lights: a pale, hot green; a bright, light blue; a violet; a pink, almost gray. And the lantern burned dimmer and dimmer.

The effect soon lost some of its weirdness, and business was strong in this Board. Thomas finally ventured, "Good evening."

The hermit turned, looked at Thomas, then clear thru him, turned back to his work, poured another chemical, and then said, wihout turning, "Good evening."

The lantern grew dimmer, and the test-tube lights brighter and more frequent. There was a long, silent pause.

Finally Walton made one bold plunge. "Mr. God," he said, "we are led to understand that you oppose our building a dam in the southern end of Te-ken-a-ran-ga Valley. Am I right?"

A red light ran the length of a retort.

"Yes."

"Don't you understand the good it would do the people to have that unlimited water power to make electricity to run the things they wanted? Let me explain—"

"God" held up one hand as he turned and faced them. His eyes gleamed desperate. His hand in the air shook.

"I am God," he said, "I created this world. What I made is *good.* Man cannot improve it. Let my handiwork alone—I warn you!" He turned to his bench.—

But Mr. Walton had started—"But consider, Mr. God, the benefits—and—we might—come to some agreement of an—er—annuity for your 'Good Will', you know," and quickly he thrust out a bag of five-dollar gold pieces,—he was playing his game.

The hermit did not turn, but a slight quiver passed over him. He carefully picked up two retorts. Then he turned.—

"I made all men good," he said, "And if circumstance has made them bad it is my duty to undo it!—Money—for the good will of God?—"

The liquids commenced to trickle viscously from the retorts to the floor. A steamy, bluish vapor arose—

Yardell cried, "Get out, quick! The man is crazy!"—and dashed for the door.—He dropped, overcome, before he reached it.

The others gripped their throats, and staggered a bit, coughed, and slumped in their chairs. As Walton fell back, the money fell to the floor with an ominous clank. A moment later there was a reverberating, country-shaking crash.—The lightning had struck!

VI.

An hour later, just at sunset, the sun lifted one western corner of the black cloud-blanket that covered the world, and, like the faithful mother she is, thrust a golden, dazzling eye thru to see that all was tucked in and warm for the night. And she looked in just in time to see a broken, parchment-faced, old man breathe his last in the midst of the debris, and to hear him murmur with his last breath, "By My Grace they live, and by My Grace they fall.—I am God."—

The End.

SOLITUDE

Great mountain tops rise high above the camp
Beside the stream where fir trees murmur low
At nightfall when the summer breezes blow,
And the moon above the trees becomes my lamp.

—Ray Krotzer.

Prophecy and Fulfillment

By C. ERNEST BAER

[First Prize Poems]

PROPHECY

A dewdrop cool and crystal
A golden dawn with crisp, sweet breezes,
A budding rose on a swaying bush—
A shrill, sweet call of a joyous lark;
Flashes of color:
Blue, green, gray—
A vagabond-bird song—
Spring! On its way.

FULFILLMENT

The hills stand against the sky,
Dark blue, purple, rose, and gray;
White clouds and swift birds,
Whirling petals, pink and white;
The glorious sun in a brilliant west—
The heart of nature throbs,
Spring is here!

Vive La Toreadoriiiss

This a representative flock of "Lion Tamers."
Look 'em over and have a laugh.

Pies & Pie faces

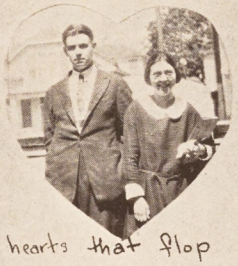
Brandon Taxi Line - Xclusive.

"Sancho Panzo"
Aint he "noble"?

Gone But Not Forgotten.

We got 35 $ out of this "sink".

Our own Fred Fellows.



I Two hearts that flop as one.

II The same words with different music every time

Why not adopt something like this for new signs. Very attractive, pleasing to the eye.

Ask Joel, he knows!

BOOTH TARKINGTON

By Herbert M. Brandon.

From the pen
Of the men
Who know the world's songs,
And the fears
And the tears
Of the world's rights and wrongs,
Comes a smooth
(Just to soothe)
Harmonious flowing
Of large herds
Of sweet words
To the public's heart going.

L'envoi.

And if I were a gentleman
That could write as some of these,
I'd join the blessed corps of them
That people's minds do ease.

* * * * * * * *

Booth Tarkington is one of the large corps of men and women who write *for* the people. His novels lack, perhaps, the thrilling sensationalism of Zane Gray, the symbolism of Harold Bell Wright, the legend of Kipling, or the description of Tolstoi or Turgenieff, but nevertheless the public reads, laughs, and says, "That was a clever story." This constitutes fame, say I,—authorities may differ.

What more fame does anyone want during his lifetime? Of course, after he's dead, critics may not class him with the masters, but that won't hurt him, *after* he's dead. And as for before death,--well, to date, no one has ever been acclaimed a master until he had been dead a goodly length of time.

As for me, I can imagine a no more awkward situation than a recognized master roaming about this earth, alive! In the first place, he would be in a continual controversy as to his actual standing, and if his standing were beyond a reasonable doubt, as Milton's or Shakespeare's (tho even the latter seems shaky at times), he would doubtless be hounded to premature grayness, and an untimely demise, by reporters asking what he had for breakfast, what his dog's name was, and trying to get a picture of his good right hand, that wielded the trusty pen

that wrote the masterpieces. "(The X shows the spot where the pen usually is placed on the second finger when writing his masterpieces.)" He would be the center of admiration of the entire world,—until some sensational murder came along, or some spectacular divorce suit, or the world's series. In which case he would jump from the first to the fourth page, and finally disappear until he added another branch of laurel to his crown. Verily, then, this is a bad age for a master; it is lucky indeed (especially for the master), that we have none, at least none that is recognizd.

Tarkington's stories are full of life as found in small middle-western towns. They are convincing because of their trueness, because of their simplicity, because his characters are live human beings, and because Tarkington *can* write.

What is more natural than that the sister of William Sylvanus Baxter, in "Seventeen," should find him being shaved at a barber's, in honor of the new girl in town? What is more natural than that said sister should draw her own inferences, and spread the facts, plus some of her own fertile imagination, to the country-side at large, to the great distress, though, perhaps, secret pride of her elder brother?

Penrod, in the barn, smoking clover cigarettes, with his note book labeled "English Grammar," and writing of the "hellish designs of the bandit-robber-murderer," was, perhaps, one of our future fictionists. One never can tell.

Perhaps "The Magnificent Ambersons" is Tarkington's best portrayal of human nature. Personally I like "Seventeen" and that good old reliable "Gentleman From Indiana." Certainly no one ever showed more clearly the true ups and downs of human life. Many authors in their zeal for fantastic or stirring plots will have great climaxes, wildly fanciful outbursts of love or hate, fierce outlaws suffering from qualms of conscience and turning good over night at sight of a girl, or perhaps the hand-to-hand mortal combat for the hand of a mutual lady-love. But for an ordinary, yet extra-ordinary young man, in ordinary, yet extra-ordinary circumstances of a middle-western town, Tarkington seems to have given real life to the country editor, the gentleman from Indiana.

In the city girl of "Seventeen," Tarkington has given us a portrayal of the modern "flapper," nineteen-fifteen model. She is merely a nice girl out for a good time. Baxter, the boy, takes her too seriously, for about a week. Tarkington believes that young hearts are quickly mended.

"Ramsey Milholland" is an ordinary boy with a bump of romance. His ardor is heightened rather than dampened when he has to rescue the lady of his heart out of about two feet of water, for that act gained for

him the privilege of sitting next to her, going home. What was one little ducking in his young life?

Tarkington seems to have the knack of placing his characters in awkward situations; very laughable situations, to be sure, but of vital importance to the particular character at the particular time. Picture the little boy hero of "The Flirt" standing before his very best girl and having the little neighbor girl come up and say, "I love oo, darling 'ittle boy." What could he do? How could he explain that the little girl must be crazy?

Tarkington has at times ventured slightly from his field. In collaboration with Harry Leon Wilson he wrote a play against socialism, called "The Gibson Upright." This play pictures the faults of socialism, not sarcastically, but in a practical, business-like manner. He shows that ownership under the social, or council system can not be practically worked. He proves the theory but not the practice. Altogether the play is convincing enough, but somehow lacks a certain force it should have. I imagine the real play would be more convincing than the manuscript.

As for setting, Tarkington almost always has some mid-west town; but as for characters, his fancy takes him from portly Major Amberson to the negro brothers, Herman and Verman. His boys, naturally, have much the same nature all the way through, but then most boys of the same age, in the same environment, would have.

But the two things that make Booth Tarkington essentially different from other authors are his versatility, and his ability to put in an unusual word where it appears most satisfactorily.

Of course, as I have said, he is primarily a student of character, but he is a student of *all* characters, whereas most authors cling to one or two types. In this age of specialization, that may be permissible, but I prefer an author who has versatility.

As for his use of an unusual word, enough cannot be said. He transforms a dull place into a masterpiece. The reader's mind is constantly alert for fear some clever turn will go by unnoticed. He does all this and yet does not affect or interfere with, in the reader's mind, the pure joy of reading fiction. This, perhaps, is the sort of fiction that caused Herbert Spencer to regard all literature from a little different viewpoint from that of most critics, and to issue his famous Economy of Attention theory. Surely no better example of this rule can be found than in Tarkington's writings, for they contain enough surprises to keep the mind alert, yet not enough to detract from the interest of the book.

There are, perhaps, but two writers in the short history of American literature who can equal his "boy-lore." One is the revered Mark Twain,

past-master of the songs of boydom; the other is Henry Shute, who knew something of boys himself. I would say that, as compared with Mark Twain's, Tarkington's boy-stories rank well, if not quite to the level of Twain's. Tarkington lacks a little of the "finesse," of the final touches that make Mark Twain stand like a Gibralter, a monument firmly entrenched, first in the hearts of the American people.

Henry Shute's "Plupy" brought him from the ranks of mediocre authors, into prominence. His work tells, on a level with Tarkington's, the story of American boyhood.

In some cases one almost sees a touch of Irvin Cobb in Tarkington's writings, or should I say a trace of Tarkington in Cobb's writings? This is noticeably true in "The Magnifiicent Ambersons," as it turns the mind to Cobb's "Judge Priest" stories.

Then, as far as I can see, Tarkington has found a secure spot in the average American's heart. He fills a niche that seems carved for him, and fills it ably.

My Friend

My friend is he who bids "Good day"
Nor stops nor falters on his way;
Who wishes well nor seeks return,
Whose cheeks with passion never burn,
Who tarries not with fell design,
Nor lingers with a plaintive whine
That rouses all his neighbor's bile,
But greets me with a soothing smile
That fills the heart of him who gives
And makes him glad his neighbor lives;
Who shouts not one thing as we part
And hides another in his heart.
Who grinds his ax but not on men,
Who sees a light beyond the ken
Of grasping souls intent on gain,
Who feels the pang of others' pain,
Who stands by me but not too near,
Lest in some way I chance to hear
Too much of him or let him see
The thousand faults there are in me.

—A. B. Reynolds.

THE OCEAN

By Martha Erwin.

On, madly on, oh Ocean!
Coldly and cruelly beat out thy toll.
Heartless thou art in thy merciless pleasure;
Relentless thou art of thy deep-hidden treasure,
Greedily, hungrily, wring from men life;
Haughtily, boastfully, win in the strife.
Anger and hate fill thy soul with endeavor.
On, madly on, oh Ocean!

On, wildly, on, oh Ocean!
Recklessly, thoughtlessly tear thy grey cliffs.
Heedless, thou art of the world's petty ambition;
Unmindful, thou art of man's fragile condition.
Carelessly, lightly hold the earth's name;
Selfishly, willfully live for thy gain.
Folly and madness have been thy tradition.
On, wildly, on, oh Ocean!

On, gaily on, oh Ocean!
Sing in thy lilting and carefree delight.
Laughing and jesting you dance in the sun;
Frothing and foaming, your breakers are flung;
Dazzling, your diamonds dash over the rocks,
All sadness and gloom, your sprightliness mocks.
Your joyful madness, the whole world has sung.
On, gaily on, oh Ocean!

On, peacefully on, oh Ocean!
Tell us of quiet and calm and rest.
The whole world has swayed with thy graceful ebb;
All men, far from care, you have led.
Tenderly, your waves lap the flower- hung cliffs;
Hushed, and at peace, your sands have men tred.
On, peacefully on, oh Ocean!

Bryants' sox & his "Pansy" vie in loudness.
Evidence of Dolores and Stacy being on the other side.
Fry's going to start a motorcycle line, and is aiming to compete with Joe Swyers.
Good-looking passengers ½ rate.
Frances made "one big hit" in the Debate.

One Night in a Street Car

By Violet E. Hastings.

"Oh! Look! It's a new one! Isn't he handsome!" exclaimed Miss Palmolive in a whisper. She leaned slightly to her left, from under her palm trees, and spoke rather excitedly for one usually so cool and composed.

Miss Bon Ami, upon hearing her sweet scented neighbor speak so hurriedly, showed no excitement, for she was very busy indeed—and interested, too, in rubbing her window. The practical Miss Bon Ami, not even glancing away from her work, replied, "Now, Miss Olive, don't tell me there's a new conductor. I don't see why one of those tiresome conductors should turn your head," and, saying this, she turned her head at an angle to view her work critically.

"Oh! Dear me, no!" replied Miss Palmolive. "Do you think I could endure a conductor? I should say not! Why, I wouldn't even know where he was half the time. But if you would only leave your tiresome old rubbing for a moment, and look at that new Mr. Arrow Collar, who has moved directly across from you. He has been staring at your back for the last ten minutes. Why! He didn't even have the grace to admire my complexion, but just sits there staring at your old window!"

"Well, I don't care," replied Miss Bon Ami, "as long as I know that my apron and cap are spotless; and of course, they always are. This Arrow Collar family seems to be always turning your head, Olive. I don't see why a lady would want a useless ornament around her home, just to decorate it. Why, even Mr. Cream-of-Wheat would be more useful in a home, especially when there are so many shoes to whiten, knives to scour and windows to wash!" And saying this, she again pursued her vigorous polishing on the window.

"But if you would only look at him," sighed Miss Palmolive. "He's positively the handsomest creature that I've ever seen. If he would only notice me, I'm sure that he would admire me. Why, people say that my complexion cannot be surpassed, and sometimes I represent Cleopatra; and I've heard that she had a lot of admirers."

But Miss Bon Ami made no reply. She was not interested. One could not wash an arrow collar with Bon Ami powder, and one could not scour an arrow-collar man's face with Bon Ami;—so why should she be interested?

With a shrug, Miss Palmolive turned away to her mirror, and re-arranged her hair.

After a few hours, Mr. Arrow Collar became very well acquainted

with the Gold Dust Twins. As the twins were very good friends of Miss Palmolive (as she was always advising them to improve their complexions), they introduced Mr. Collar to her at once.

"How do you do," sweetly murmured Olive, from her chaise under the palm trees.

Mr. Arrow Collar smiled, and bowed.

"You have only arrived today, have you not?" asked Olive.

"Not three hours ago," answered Mr. Collar, "and I am making the best of my time, by becoming acquainted at once. You see, I have only a few months to stay, then I am so out of date that I am destroyed."

"How terrible," answered Olive. "I noticed that your brothers did not stay long. But as for me, I shall always be wanted, for women are more interested in their complexions than in anything else. But," she added, as Mr. Collar enthusiastically agreed, "men are more interested in trying to make money from complexion improvements, which they thrust upon the women, than in anything else."

"I know," he nodded, "but men were made to make money, and women to make a home—and not to make their complexions. As soon as I leave here, I am going to buy a home with windows in it just as spotless as those opposite me."

"I'll assure you that no woman will polish windows for a man," whispered Olive, for Miss Bon Ami had thrust her white cap out of the window. "She," indicating her industrious neighbor, "only tries to attract the men by appearing industrious, but after she gets her man, she'll wash no more windows, I'll tell you!"

"Anyhow, she does it well," answered Mr. Collar, with a dubious smile.

"Oh, Olive, are you out of humor again?" laughingly called little Sun-Maid, as she approached her friend. "Here, I've got you a lovely piece of raisin pie, and,—Oh! I beg your pardon!" she stammered as she saw the handsome visitor.

"Miss Sun-Maid, Mr. Arrow Collar," murmured Miss Palmolive. "You see, he has only arrived today, and he wants to become acquainted with everyone."

"I beg your pardon," smiled Miss Sun-Maid, "but, you see, I have to bring Olive a piece of my raisin pie to keep her in a sweet temper." She explained this from under her bonnet, to the admiring eyes of Mr. Arrow Collar.

"You are a dear, anyway," answered Olive, "and I'm sure I need something to sweeten my temper. I am so bored with this humdrum existence. But you take Mr. Arrow Collar home, and give him a sample of your splendid pie,—that's a nice child, while I rearrange my hair," she explained, turning away to her room.

Mr. Collar visited with little Sun-Maid until the big moon had risen, and was shining brightly through the car window. He feasted upon raisin pie, and with each mouthful his admiration,—and shall we say love?—grew, until he had fully decided that he wanted raisin pie for dessert every night of his life.

After a blissful two hours together, Mr. Arrow Collar whispered "Good night," and went home to plan and dream of his new love, and his Dream Home with the polished windows.

And the angels in the card-board Heaven sang for joy, because Mr. Arrow Collar had made a wise choice.

* * * * * * * * * * *

But a few hours had passed, when something happened which dashed the happy lovers to destruction.

The old car, which had sheltered our friends for so many years, dashed down the hill street, and into a mass of electric wires.

The grey dawn found only heaps of twisted iron and smouldering ashes.

A little boy, who was poking his foot among the ashes, suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! here's a picture of a pretty little girl, with tears running down her cheeks—Oh! here's an Arrow Collar man all burned, except his eyes. Doesn't he look sad?"

And the angels in the card-board Heaven were sad,—because the tragedy was too deep for human hearts to understand.

(Apologies to Gertrude.)

When thy big blue eyes are turned
Sweetly up to mine,—
When my boyish heart has burned
Beating close to thine,—

When the stars that grace the sky
Twinkle in thy hair,—
When thou giv'st a single sigh
Whilst I breath a prayer,

When thy lips that blessed by elf,
Smile as if to say
"Speak up, Ike, and 'spress yourself,—"
My heart is whisked away.

—Theo. Woolsey.

FAME

(Being the introductory poem to a series on contemporary poets.)

By Herbert M. Brandon.

'Fame'
Golden word
Four letters long
Yet in it is the symbol,
The sign of a life well spent.
The acme of a lifelong, unuttered prayer,—
"Father, I have given my best,—
"It is but a poor attempt
"To give back to thee
"What thou
"Gave"

'Fame'
The thanks
Of all the nations
For a beautiful reality
Or a deep, sacred memory
Of a thing past.—Even now, there
May be one so gifted, riding
This world, or just beyond
Whose future name
May symbolize
'Fame'

VATCHEL LINDSEY

An empty box-car goes clacking along
Singing the empty box-car song,
  Clackety, clackety, clack, clack, clack,
The rolling song of the railroad track.
Past farm houses, old and new,
Under white spotted skies of blue,
Thru black tunnels, onto a plain;—
  A box-car in its place in the train
  Of a hundred cars or more.

Seated in the doorway wide
His feet hanging out, his body inside
Sits a man with a three days beard on his face,
And clothes that are covered with Hoboe's lace.
But his eyes are happy; his grin is long
And he smiles as he thinks, and he whistles a song,—
Then he takes out a book, and squints at the skies,
And he puts down words he will immortalize
  In a day, or a year, or more.

Then the empty box-car goes clacking away
And it clacks all night as it clacks all day,
  The clackety, clackety, clack, clack, clack,
The rolling song of the railroad track.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

(Being the anthology of a neighbor.)

How was I to know that the boy next door was a genius?
He looked and acted much as other boys,
But now that it's too late, I remember
Noticing a gleam in his eye that was lacking in others.

With my money that my father left me
And the knowledge I have now
I might have been sponsor to a genius.
But now it's too late—
  Somehow I always did see things—
  Just too late.

RUDYARD KIPLING

"Ho, 'ere's to ye, bloody brethern,
" 'Ere's to ye, 'un and all
"An' 'ere's to yer lassies, brethern,
"Until the skies shall fall—"

Cho. Then we'll 'ave just one drink more,
Then we'll bob out thru th' door,
For I 'ear that Kiplin's tellin' 'em
'Bout th' fight at Singapore.

"Then 'ere's to ye, bloody brethern,
"An' 'ere's to 'is bloody 'ide,
"Tho 'e may be 'ighbrow, brethern,
" 'E's mighty white inside—"

Then we'll 'ave just one drink more
Then we'll bob out thru th' door,
An' listen to 'im tell 'em
'Bout th' Paddies at Kilgore.

"Then 'ere's to 'is stories, brethern,
"An 'ere's to 'is kith an' kin
"An 'ere's to 'is good health, brethern,
—"(We'll drink it down in gin)—"

Then we'll 'ave just one drink more
Then we'll bob out thru th' door,
An' we'll arsk 'im, brothers Atkins,
'Bout th' time 'Er 'Ighness snore.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

When I die, please let me go
To where Elysian lilies grow,
Where the tall-trees flower out
Into coaster-wagons stout;
Where all medicine bottles come
Full of honey and chewing gum;
Where the stalks on the bamboo tree
Are nothing more than the fiddlers three
  That play for Old King Cole.

Where the rivers run free and loose
Brimming over with red grape juice;
While the wild birds flying high
Are made of candy and pumpkin pie;
Where the clouds rain, not at all;
Where there is no place to fall;
Where the good ships bring to port
Sweets and toys,—and a different sort
  Of things, that are good for the soul.

Let me go to this world of toys,
This Paradise of girls and boys.
Then let me wander where I will
  To the midst of the things that be.
There I'll find this hunter that's home from the hill,
  This sailorman, home from the sea.

CARL SANDBURG

There is a man,—who lives
(It doesn't matter much, where
But it happens to be Chicago)
That writes poetry.

This man
Has Ideas, great Ideas,
And writes them,
Writes them in everyday
Windy-city parlance
  Without frills.

The newspapers know and respect him
They have given him a name all their own,—
  Not a pretty name
  But fitting—
    "John Guts."
  And he is just that—

Plain hard Anglo-Saxon syllables
Are good enough for him.
He slaps them into shape
And slings them at you.

"Take 'em or leave 'em,—
  "Yours truly,
    "John Guts."

REALM

A windswept, sunkissed knoll for me,
A shaggy dog my partner free,
A white cloud in an azure sky—
King of a jewel-world am I!

—E. B.

JUNIOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA

This is the reason kids have to stay up all night every once in a while.

Just before the Battle, Ninos

Sergeant at "Charms" Stacy thinks so.

One of our traditional Candy Sales

They're getting there all night. That Ford is the cause, or is it Violet?

The cause of it All.

I wonder if he's "Earnest" At last it is out!!!!!!!!!!!

Remember the time we licked Petaluma?

?

Cast of: Manoeuvres of Jane" Really not as bad as they look.

OAKS

Oak trees, even old mossy oaks, are very interesting. Every day I ride through a pretty valley in which are many of these trees, and I find that I admire them more and more.

I have often wondered if the long moss on the trees is a sign of old age; if so, these trees must be very, very old. In the prelude to Evangeline, Longfellow says:

—"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

Longfellow might have said that of these venerable oaks, for surely no trees could resemble the Druids of old more than these.

It seems that there is an endless variety of oaks. Here is a tree that seems younger than the rest; its branches are hidden by bright green leaves, and no moss can be seen. There is a tree whose leaves are few, and the moss hangs like a gray beard from each twig. One drooping tree spreads its branches protectingly over the earth; another raises its arms to the sky, appealing for help from the heavens. In the very middle of the valley, raising its bare limbs from which even the moss has been whipped by the winds, stands a skeleton of a tree, a sinister warning to the other trees of the inevitable passing of time.

How much these old oaks could tell us if we could only understand them. How many winter storms and summer heats they must have weathered. How many different races of people must have walked beneath their friendly branches and been grateful for their shade. How many changes in the country they must have witnessed. Surely their story would be like the tale of an old settler that has watched the country develop step by step.

It is not strange that while I love every part of the pretty valley with its cool grasses and dainty flowers, I love most of all the oaks with their moss-laden branches.

—Marie Miller.

CONTENTMENT

Could one be more content than to hang a string in the Klamath River, just above the falls, where the never-to-be-tamed trout would jump a mile for a worm? —Theo. A. Woolsey.

THE FIRE

Build a fire with sticks and paper,
Put on some coal, so the flames will caper,
Touch a match and off it will start,
Sputtering, laughing, with many a dart.

* * * * * * *

As the smoke slowly rises from out,
It drives the sparks and flames about,
Laughing, and making us feel as gay,
As we've never felt in many a day.

* * * * * * *

And the flames that upward rise
Hold many a wondrous prize,
Like the kindling of the soul,
Make goodness our life-long goal.

* * * * * * *

Would that we could take one peep
Into the embers red and deep,
While, sitting by the dying coals
Learn from them what our future holds.

—Helen Barker.

RUSHES

(As experienced by our friends from the country.)

We hear in college much animated conversation about "rushes." "Rushes" for this sorority, "rushes" for that fraternity, but these are not the only "rushes" we hear about. There is the rush about six P. E. in the morning when we madly toss our clothes about us, gulp a little toast and coffee, and call it breakfast. There's the rush we make regularly for the 7:15,—for it's a goose egg for us if we fail to arrive for Math on time. Arrived in class, we enjoy a breathing space for forty-five minutes while our professor illustrates the negative power of a young man driving a Ford with one hand.

The next rush is a lively one,—it may be noticed before the mirror any time between periods,—when we hastily daub a little camouflage on our nasal extremity, do a little bit of reconnoitering under the hair-nets, grab some books (no matter if they be the wrong ones), jump into class, and slide into a chair in time to gasp, "Here," when roll is called. This sort of rush continues throughout the day until 3:15, and then all that is necessary is to endeavor to gather together some books that look like the right ones, and jaunt off for the car. We find we are just in time to chase it up the street and out of town. We then sink wearily in the nearest gutter and wait a whole hour for the next one.

Having time to meditate a bit, we try to assimilate forty or fifty pages of science before the car comes. Then we have a peaceful ride home, watching other people rush madly up the street, and we have the delightful experience of seeing ourselves as others see us. At our station we jump off the car before it stops, kick up a big dust as we scoot along our country roads, climb every hill on "high" with our head several degrees ahead of our feet. Home at last, all we have to do before dinner is gather the eggs from a thousand or so hens, pack them in cases, feed the pigs, water the onions, hoe sixteen rows of strawberries, and wash the machine. We must not loiter over dinner, for we still have to go a quarter of a mile for the milk, and then have a couple of hours in which to review science, translate ten pages of languages, work sixteen problems in Math, and write an essay for English. At last, we indulge in a luxurious yawn, crawl out of our clothes, drop into bed, and fall asleep before our head touches the pillow,—only to dream of rushing, rushing, rushing, down into a dismal swamp and getting hopelessly lost in the rushes.

The first 10 miles are the hardest in Geology hikes
Teds all up in the air" about something lately
Petaluma
S. Rosa
"Swyers Bus Line"
Due S.R. 8:15
Arrives any time after 8:30
The results of an average game of basketball (girls)
OOWA !!
Its always "Witham"

STAFF OF BEAR CUB

Gertrude Willcox	Editor
Theodore Woolsey	Manager
Evelyn Feliz	Associate Editor
Herbert Brandon	Associate Editor
Ray Krotzer	Assistant Manager
Maybelle Nissen	Art Editor
Madeleine Stout	Literary Editor
Fred Fellows	Athletics
Aleta Lynn	Activities
Catherine Pressley	Dramatics
Virla Roper	Society Editor
Violet Hastings	Alumni Editor
William Olsen	Josh Editor
Helen Barker	Freshman Representative
Ernest Baer	Sophomore Representative

EDITORIAL

"To control others it is necessary to control one's self."

Mighty is the man who in the face of manifold vexations retains his power of mind over body, and of higher self over mind. In no more efficient way can success be attained than by first communing deeply with ourselves and learning well the power of self control.

Let us observe ourselves, bereft of the rosy-hued halo of self esteem, and simply clad in the fundamental principles of life as the psychologist knows them. Let us take an inventory of our thoughts, and from the best selection of friends, education, and experience, continually add to the culture of our minds; tabulate our short-comings and eliminate the hundred trifling non-essentials that daily retard our progress toward the goal of efficient self control. Look within, and admit the truth that by a faithful conception of self we have the key to perfect control of body and mind.

In knowledge of this truth, face the world with courage and steadfastness, knowing well each can make himself the equal of his adversaries.

We shall not retreat from the simple tasks assigned us, but "give to the world the best we have, and the best will come back to us." In doing less we only cheat ourselves and obtain a false conception of the splendid ideals we must ever have before us.

Let introspection be our daily habit, that not one weakening element shall enter in to break down the stronghold of our self control, and that no man shall know us better than we know ourselves.

The friends we make in college are the friends that share all our future plans and successes. Having met on a plane of mutual interest, having together pursued the quest for culture and achievement, we follow with keen appreciation their advances in the world of progress.

A great deal of the value of a college education depends upon the attitude of the individual toward his fellow students. There must be a certain element of reciprocity in a student's relations with other students.

Learning to appreciate and value each other's efforts, no matter how great or small they may be, is the essence of culture and refinement.

Of the numerous acquaintances we make in college, it is a very receptive mind that retains something worth while from each. But how much of value we could receive if we only would. Tho dull and prosy

he may seem, each one we meet has learned some lesson that we have yet to learn. College has failed in its purpose if we go out into the world intolerant and snobbish. There is a bit of verse that a great man has written that we would all do well to learn:

"There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Mr. Floyd P. Bailey ..... Dean of College
Catherine Pressley ..... President
Stacy Lee ..... Vice-President
Lois Cox ..... Secretary
Bernard Holm ..... Treasurer
Ted Woolsey ..... Men's Athletic Manager
Virla Roper ..... Women's Athletic Manager
Herbert Brandon ..... Publicity Manager
Dovey Fellows ..... Yell Leader
Kenneth LaPoint ..... Freshman President
Gertrude Willcox ..... Sophomore President
Bryant Forsyth ..... Freshman Financial Representative
Mildred Shelley ..... Sophomore Financial Representative

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The college spirit has manifested itself in all the activities undertaken by the students. They have never refused an offer to participate in any worthy cause whereby they could benefit the school.

At the beginning of each term a Student Body is formed and officers elected. Dues are required and the organization is conducted regularly. An assembly is held every two weeks, at which a program, consisting usually of a lecture and a musical number, is given. An effort is always made to get the best speakers possible, and we were very fortunate in having some very interesting lectures. Mr. Christie of the O'Connor Furniture Store talked on the influence of furniture in the home and gave a short history of several periods of furniture. Mr. Nat Mallory spoke on his experiences in China and showed a number of the curios he had collected in the Orient. The Rev. Williams, Mr. Cross, and several members of the faculty spoke before the assembly on different occasions.

As in all organizations, the financial question is always paramount. At the beginning of this year the Student Body was badly in debt. This has been paid off and one of the ways by which this was accomplished was by Dollar Week. Mr Bailey suggested the plan and in the last two years it has been carried out successfully. During the Easter vacation the students were each asked to earn a dollar to be donated to the J. C. treasury. At the first assembly after vacation they turned in the money and told how they made it. There are always many humorous experiences related and it is often surprising in how many unique ways the money has been procured.

Quite a sum was raised by several candy sales given throughout the term. The Freshmen and Sophomores each had a sale and one was given by the whole school. Home-made candy always sells readily, and since there is no lack of expert candy makers, even among the boys, the results were entirely satisfactory.

During the Golden Jubilee celebration the college was asked to enter a float. Four horses and a wagon were put at the students' disposal and they decorated them with wild flowers and redwood. Miss Catherine Pressley in cap and gown represented the Queen of Junior College. A number of pretty girls dressed in pastel shades of organdy were grouped at her feet. The result was very effective and was awarded third prize in that class. Credit should be given Miss Nellianna Pye and Mr. Ernest Baer for making it a success. They were ably assisted by a large volunteer committee.

THE CIRCUS

One of the most remunerative activities participated in by the Junior College was the high school circus held in April. Despite the poor location of our concession, it proved very popular. Nearly five hundred people viewed the thrilling and "dangerous" Spanish bull fight. Prose is not sufficient to describe it; we needs must turn to verse.

EL TOREO

(Por Oley)

Pretty Spanish maidens,
  Singing Spanish lays.
Memories they do quicken
  Of Junior College days.

There was a Spanish bull-fight,
  Staged on a campus fair,
Picadors, toreadors, maidens,
  All in costumes there.

Lois, Gertrude and Helen,
  A Spanish three were they,
Virla, Catherine, Violet,
  All sang to the ukelele.

Margery, Ruth, Aleta,
  All sang the Marcheta refrain,
And the audience noting the setting
  Would swear that they were in Spain.

Ernest, a Spanish dancer,
  Twisted, twirled and twined,
Till the audience gasped in amazement,
  Would the dancer ever unwind?

Ferocious Vasco de Woolsey,
  A picador brave was he,
Pranced round on a wooden pony,
  The crowds did laugh to see.

Toreador Senor Rogers
  Of red flag waving fame,
Picador Don Bryant Forsythe,
  Unequaled yet in name.

There was Oley, the Swedish deck-hand,
  White trousers, deep blue sash,
Waved the red flag 'round the pen
  Till the bull did hit him smash.

Shorty Holm and Donald Cooper,
  As a Spanish bull they pranced,
Till Shorty fell when charging,
  And to the pen the head had danced.

But my memories must give credit
  To Evelyn, directoress true,
And to our Petaluma friends,
  And Pye and Krotzer too.

Picadors, toreadors, maidens,
  Rollicking Spanishy ways,
They will to me forever last
  As Junior College days.

(He dicho.)

HORTICULTURAL TRIP

Members of the horticultural class, under the instruction of Mr. Everett, entered the apple judging contest given by the University of California last semester. The class spent quite a bit of spare time preparing for the contest and the instructor was tireless in his efforts to make the team a winning one. Due to a football game in which many of the boys played, they could not leave, and three girls were chosen to represent Junior College. These were Catherine Pressley, Nellianna Pye, and Aleta Lynn. Girls were evidently quite a novelty in a horticultural contest and at first they were made to feel so, but they later gained more favor—except with their opponents.

Modesto Junior College was the only other college entered, which made competition strong between the two schools. The averages of all three girls were above those of the Modesto contestants. It was also interesting to note that the score of our junior college was above that of any of the high schools. Santa Rosa High School carried off all the other honors and Mr. Everett and Mr. Patchett brought home two pennants for their classes. Each of the girls received an individual ribbon for first, second, and third places.

Apples were judged as to variety, ability to keep, and their typical shape. There were ten varieties, represented by four plates of five apples each. After judging and making a full set of notes with their conclusions, the contestants reported orally to the judges on two varieties.

Everything possible was done by the university committee in charge to give the visitors a good time. Tickets were provided them for the California-Nevada football game and a banquet at one of the frat houses was also given. The girls decided that although they did not mind competing with the boys they would let them banquet alone under the circumstances.

The teams from Santa Rosa were taken down Friday morning and they did not return until Sunday afternoon, so everyone was given the chance to have the best time possible while in Berkeley. Needless to say, the girls will never forget the trip, and the result of their efforts while there, hangs in Mr. Bailey's office—a huge blue and gold pennant.

MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY FIELD TRIPS

A number of mineralogy and geology field trips have been taken this year, to the delight of those students who were fortunate enough to be in these classes. They were very popular because in addition to being interesting and instructive, they were pleasant outings.

The first trip of the season was a combined mineralogy and geology trip to Hood Mt. Mr. Scott explained the mineral formations and the topography of the neighboring valleys; while Mr. Baker helped the students to identify the trees, shrubs and other vegetation.

In the spring the geology class took a trip to the Petrified Forest and the geysers at Calistoga and Myrtledale. Their next trip was to Cobb Mt., Cloverdale mine and to The Geysers. A trip was then taken to study the fossil deposits in the bay region in conjunction with the

Paleontology class of the University of California. In connection with the astronomical division of historical geology, the geology class had, one evening, the privilege of using the telescope in Sebastopol to make their observations. Another interesting trip was taken to the Carneros Creek fossils beds in Napa county and the final one of the season to fossil beds in the Windsor section.

The mineralogy class also visited The Geysers and Mill Creek to study the columnar structure of that locality. They spent one day in San Francisco, examining the mineralogical specimens at the museum in Golden Gate Park and in the mineralogy laboratory at the University of California. The last long trip was to Sulphur Bank in Lake County to examine the mineral deposits found there. Several short trips after school were taken also to obtain specimens of the minerals found in this vicinity.

These science courses have proved to be of great value to the students in obtaining a keener appreciation of the resources and beauties of Sonoma County, and in every way they have broadened the viewpoint of the students.

—V. M. R.

THE JUNIOR COLLEGE BOOSTER TRIP

It is now a regular custom for a party of Junior College students to go on a booster trip to the high schools of the county each year. The group is representative of the Junior College, being composed of the Dean, a representative man, and woman speaker, music in the form of vocal or instrumental solos, an orchestra, and a short play. Their purpose is to let the high schools know what the Junior College really is; to tell them of the curriculum, the faculty, and the dramatic, athletic, and social events. With the Junior College increasing year by year as it is, within another year a separate building is assured.

This year the booster trip took place on May 9, 10, and 11. Nearly twenty students participated in the work, and the trip was a success in every way. Miss Catherine Pressley was the representative speaker; the music was furnished by the trio composed of the Misses Helen Barker, Zelma Spidle, and Mildred Shelley, accompanied by Miss Martha Erwin. The feature of the program was "Hector," a one-act farce which "went over big" everywhere. The participants were the Misses Virla Roper, Gertrude Willcox, and Frances Jones; the Messrs. Elvyn Pye, Ernest Baer, Herbert Brandon, Fred Rogers, and William Olsen. Each role was played to perfection. The College orchestra,

with piano, two saxophones, clarinet, and violin, was an additional feature.

On May 10, after the performance at the Healdsburg High, the party went to the River at Camp Rose Inn, where a swim, followed by a picnic supper was enjoyed. Almost every Junior College student was present for the rioting good time.

The booster trip culminated in the Senior Dance, given by the College students for all high school seniors, at the Annex auditorium on May 12. Representatives from all the high schools were present.

YE LION TAMERS

OOh-wah! Ye light and wieldy men,
Hold up the jug! Drink long and hard!
The root-beer passeth 'round! Ooh-wah!
And merrily we drink it down,
To keep ye all in stout good trim.
Liederkranz! Ooh-wah! Our hand to thee,
The crown ye wear is but your meed;
It is the ideal club, ye know,
Each man a goodly office holds;
Each one is proud, of good repute:
None dares their smallest word dispute!
Ooh-wah! Ye lion tamers' club!
May ye enjoy a long, long life!
That's All!!

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

Early in the first semester the Sophomores introduced the Freshmen to the social life of Junior College at a reception at the Mallory home. After making known to the Frosh the straight and narrow path they would have to tread in the future, and demonstrating rather effectively the means to be employed if they did not, the Sophomores let the Freshmen enjoy themselves.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Goblins pranced, witches rode their broomsticks, black cats glided, and jack o' lanterns beamed merrily at the Hallowe'en party given at "The Azaleas," the Pye home at Graton. The decorations, cornstalks and pumpkins, cats and witches, and the "eats," pumpkin pie and cider, were very appropriate to the occasion.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

In November Mildred Woodworth entertained the Sophomores at a party at her home in Hessel. The affair was very much enjoyed by all those present.

FRESHMAN RETURN

The Freshmen, in the latter part of November, gave a return party to the Sophomores at the Barker home. A gay crowd assembled and danced until a late hour.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Girl Reserve Hall had a festive appearance for the Christmas party on December 22. A large tree, laden with gifts, held the place of

honor in the center of the room. Each guest received a mock gift from "Santa Claus" in the person of Mr. Bailey. Bob White's orchestra furnished the music for the occasion.

GOLF CLUB

Frances Jordan was hostess to the Junior College at a Valentine party at the Santa Rosa Golf and Country Club on February 16.

CAST PARTY

The members of the cast of "The Manoeuvres of Jane" were the guests of honor at a party given at the Girl Reserve Hall in March. The hall was prettily decorated in plum blossoms.

KRAZY KOSTUME PARTY

Startling, weird, and "just ordinary" costumes would have greeted the eye of the casual observer who might have peeped into the Nissen home at Penngrove that rainy eve in April when Maybelle Nissen and Ernest Baer gave their "Krazy Kostume" party. Never in all the annals of Junior College did a gayer crowd congregate nor was a more enjoyable time had.

SENIOR DANCE

The Junior College was host to the seniors of all the high schools in the county at a dance in the gymnasium at the Annex on May 12. The gymnasium was a lovely sight with shaded lights, masses of blue and gold wild flowers, and crepe paper streamers.

SPORT DANCE

The Baer home was the scene of much merriment on the evening of June 1st, when Ernest entertained the members of J. C. at a sport dance. The feature of the evening was an elaborate mock wedding.

DRAMA

'OP-O'-ME-THUMB

The first play presented by the Public Speaking Class was 'Op-O'-Me-Thumb. It was under the capable direction of Miss Catherine Fields, assisted by Ernest Baer, and was a huge success from every standpoint. Miss Zelma Spidle, as leading lady, completely won the hearts of the audience with her excellent portrayal of poor little Amanda Afflick. Playing opposite, in the role of Mr. Horace Greensmith, Ernest Baer achieved a remarkable success. The other members of the cast did commendable work. The play blended humor and pathos charmingly and was a delight to the audience.

The cast was as follows:

Madame Marie Napoleon DeGallifet Didier ..... Ruth Swyers
Clem (Mrs. Galloway) ..... Maybelle Nissen
Celeste ..... Helen Barker
Rose Hallelujah Jordan ..... Martha Erwin
Amanda Afflick ..... Zelma Spidle
Horace Greensmith ..... Ernest Baer

Other numbers on the program were:
Violin solo ..... Fred Rogers
Accompanist, Mildred Woodworth
Saxophone solo ..... Ted Woolsey
Readings ..... Madeleine Stout

THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE

The public speaking class of the Junior College presented "The Manoeuvres of Jane," a four-act comedy by Henry Arthur Jones. The play was a huge success both dramatically and financially, due to the hard work of Miss Catherine Fields, who capably directed it, and Miss Catherine Pressley, the manager.

The story of the play deals with the efforts of Jane Nangle to get her way and marry the man she loves rather than the man chosen for her by her chaperons, Mrs. Beechinor and Jervis Punshon, Mrs. Beechinor's brother. Jane is aided by her companion, Constantia Gage, in deceiving her chaperon and in planning to elope with her lover, George Lang-

ton, who is the steward at Chaney Court, where Jane is staying. Mrs. Beechinor's small daughter, Pamela, spies on the conspirators, and causes them some uneasy moments by saying she is going to tell her mother. Lord Bapchild, Mrs. Beechinor's nephew and the owner of Chaney Court, has been chosen to marry Jane, but he is attracted to Connie, proposes to her and is accepted. Mr. Nangle at last becomes reconciled to the marriage of Jane and George, so everything ends happily.

Frances Jones, who took the part of Jane Nangle, displayed great dramatic ability. Evelyn Feliz was excellent as Constantia Gage, Jane's co-conspirator and companion. Catherine Pressley was charming in the role of Mrs. Beechinor, Jane's chaperon. The part of Pamela Beechinor was cleverly taken by Virla Roper. Madeleine Stout was a great success as Lady Bapchild, Lord Bapchild's mother. Martha Erwin deserves a great deal of praise for her splendid portrayal of Miss Dodd, the old maid school teacher. Herbert Brandon sustained the leading role, Lord Bapchild, to such a successful degree as only Herbert can. Elvyn Pye as Jervis Punshon, Joel Mallory as George Langton, William Cowan as Mr. Nangle, Jane's irate father, and Fred McMullen as the butler and the inn-keeper, were all excellent in their respective parts. No less worthy of praise, however, are those who took the lesser parts, without which no play would be complete.

Cast of Characters:

Lord Bapchild, owner of Chaney Court	Herbert Brandon
Jervis Punshon, Lord Bapchild's uncle	Elvyn Pye
George Langton	Joel Mallory
Mr. Nangle	William Cowan, Jr.
Prebendary Bostock	Stacy Lee, Jr.
Mr. Pawsey, the inn-keeper	Fred McMullen
Footman	Fred McMullen
Jane Nangle	Frances Jones
Constantia Gage, Jane's companion	Evelyn Feliz
Mrs. Beechinor, Lord Bapchild's aunt	Catherine Pressley
Pamela Beechinor	Virla Roper
Lady Bapchild, Lord Bapchild's mother	Madeleine Stout
Mrs. Bostock	Zelma Spidle
Miss Bostock	Frances McCanse
Miss Dodd	Martha Erwin
Mrs. Pawsey	Maybelle Nissen
Trendell	Maybelle Nissen

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

Baseball was not the activity it would have been had the baseball men turned out for the team. At every game it was possible to get nine men together, but it is hoped that the freshman class of 1923 will bring more material. The collegians played four regular games and won but one, while they broke even in several practice games with the high school. Despite the lack of equipment the team had plenty of spirit and won glory throughout the county for their clean sportsmanship in the games.

Practice games:

Three practice games, all of which were 4-inning contests, were played with the high school team. The first game was called when the score stood tied, 4 to 4. Santa Rosa had a two point lead, 3 to 1, at the end of the fourth in the second game. In the third contest the score was tied 5 to 5 when play was stopped on account of darkness.

Junior College 1—Petaluma 8.

Petaluma defeated the team in the first game played at Petaluma, score 8 to 1. Fry and Forsyth did the heaving for the locals and did very effective work. Poor support lost the contest, however.

Two Analy games:

Junior college lost both games with the fast Analy nine. The first game was lost 10 to 9 and the second 11 to 4. One game was played at Sebastopol and the return game on the home lot.

Junior College 12—Healdsburg 6.

Healdsburg was not strong enough for the college nine, and they were defeated by a 12 to 6 score on the Healdsburg diamond. The game was a fast affair and the local boys played a sensational brand of ball. If the team had started going the first of the season as they did in this game we would have had more victories to our credit.

Forsyth and Fry did the pitching for the college. Forsyth played first base when not on the mound. Lee was one of the mainstays of the team at second, with Wilson on third and Whited in the short spot. Witham, Holm and Grace played in the field. Several men caught behind the bat but we had no regular catcher. Noonan, Mitchell and several others filled this position.

FOOTBALL

Football was probably the major sport at Junior College this year. Of the seven games played the team won four. Two games were played at Recreation Park in this city, while the other games were played away from the home gridiron. The traveling team always has a slight disadvantage but the trips made up for the loss of the three games.

In the Sacramento Junior College, the San Mateo eleven and several of the other teams, the boys had some fine sportsmanlike competition.

Junior College 0—S. R. H. S. 27.

In a practice game with the high school heavies the collegians were bested after a hard fought game, score 27 to 0. In the second and third quarters the college boys held Coach Kirksey's wonder team practically scoreless, but weakness in the first and fourth quarters lost the game.

Junior College 12—Petaluma 6.

The second game was played at Petaluma, when the locals took the first victory of the season, scoring 12 points to Petaluma's 6. Sensational plays featured this game with the Egg City eleven. Osborn and Lee made the touchdowns.

Junior College 37—Analy 0.

Analy high of Sebastopol was the next team to fall to the attack of the varsity. They went down to defeat by a 37 to 0 score. Analy was in her first year of football but put up a good game.

Junior College 20—Analy 0.

A return game with Analy high was won 20 to 0. This game was a harder fought one than the previous battle and in the first and second quarters it looked doubtful for the team. They finally started a rally in the third and fourth period and piled up a 20 point lead, shutting out the visitors.

Junior College 0—San Mateo 35.

San Mateo was the next opposition sought by the team, and they proved one of the fastest grid aggregations tackled during the year. The long trip to the Peninsula city took much of the "pep" out of our team and several were unable to play their usual flashy brand of football. San Mateo won 35 to 0, keeping the team from crossing the goal. The San Mateo gridiron was a good one and the team enjoyed playing on it. It was up-to-date in every detail.

Junior College 0—Sacramento Junior College 6.

Sacramento nearly lost the much heralded battle with the local boys,

taking the game by only one touchdown, score 6 to 0. The team had a long trip to Sacramento by stage but put up one of the strongest fights of the year.

This trip the team was accompanied by a large number of fans from the school. A rooting section was organized and gave the varsity good support.

Junior College 33—Ukiah 6.

The final game of the year was played at Ukiah and was an easy win for the locals who tallied up 33 points to Ukiah's 6. The team was weakened by the absence of some of the best players, but, despite the fact, had no trouble in placing over a touchdown in every period with one to spare.

After the contest the team was royally entertained by the Ukiah school at a dinner and dance. They report this one of the most successful of trips.

Football promises to be one of the leading sports of the junior college again in 1923. The team is fully equipped at present with suits, and the debt which was incurred, has been paid off. With the graduation of some members of the team there will be places to fill, and much is hoped from the incoming freshmen.

The men who fought for junior college this season were: Lee, L. E.; Liefrinck, L. T.; Sullivan, L. G.; Stocker, C.; Pye, R. G.; Brandon and Grace, R. T.; Holm and Gutcher, R. E.; La Point, C.; Wilson, L. T.; Witham, L. G.; Hudson and Osborn, quarters; Mallory and Devoto, fullback; Fry, H., Fry, R., and Grayman, halves.

BASKETBALL

Basketball thrived at junior college during the season and many games were played. The college had a strong team in the field and won many of these. Several practice games were played which are not recorded in the summary below.

Junior College 34—Geyserville 28.

In the first of two games with Geyserville the unlimited won, 34 to 28. The game was played at Geyserville and a large number of fans accompanied the team. The lightweight team lost their game.

Junior College 25—Geyserville 40.

With the team weakened by the absence of several keystone men the team lost the return game with Geyserville, 25 to 40.

Junior College 20—Healdsburg 24.

Healdsburg proved too much for the local five and they lost the contest 24 to 20. A second practice game was played with the Healdsburg team by the lightweight quintet, and they lost.

Junior College 17—S. R. H. S. 16.

A practice game with the high school resulted in a tight and fast win, score 17 to 16. Later in the season a return game was played but due to the lack of an adding machine the score was not taken. This time the high school outfit walked all over our team.

Junior College 26—Analy 25.

One of the most sensational battles of the year was one with Analy High. With the score running even throughout the four periods, the winning goal was shot at the end of the final quarter just before the whistle blew, score 26 to 25.

Junior College 20—Analy 21.

Analy retaliated in a return game and beat the college team by one point, 20 to 21. This was another hard fought affair with both teams getting the breaks evenly and playing a very consistent game.

Shortly after the start of the season the 130 pound team was disbanded due to a lack of players and games. The lightweight players joined the unlimited team and played as substitutes in many of the games.

The combined team was composed of the following players: Fry, Wilson, Mallory, Lee, Holm, B., Holm, M., Whited, Witham, Wickersham, Cooper, Sullivan, Olsen, Krotzer and several others.

CLASSIC IMPRESSIONS

Elvyn Pye—Chopin's funeral march in jazz; blue moons.

Helen Barker—Songs to banjos in drifting canoes at twilight; Cecil Bruner roses; white kittens.

Ruth Swyers—Anitra's dance in Spanish on a candy box cover; wavering dreams.

Fred Rogers—Problems on toast; stringed instruments with hammers; oyster stews.

Virla Roper—Little girls dressed in blue, eating ice-cream cones, acting like grown-ups; daisies in green fields.

Frances Jordan—Fine diamonds and French heels at an afternoon tea; spats on rainy days; bon-bon forks.

Catherine Pressley—Wild flowers growing in tomato cans; fire-flies at dusk; hikes and river parties; gypsies.

Donald Cooper—Serenades on flat saxophones at midnight; little boys' excuses.

Evelyn Feliz—Breaths of incense; babbling brooks; white duck dresses at boating parties; sparks.

Miss Parthenia O'Connor—Silk parasols on sunny boulevards; cameos in black; operas; glace fruit on crystal glass.

Ray Krotzer—Spring fever; laughing trombones; fried eggs with paprika.

Dolores Ross—Psyche in a fur coat; chocolate creams; veiled hats and Spanish fans; summer breezes.

Miss Mildred Turner—Tennis on summer evenings; bon-bons in fine automobiles; engagement rings of emeralds.

Herbert Brandon—Red balloons shrinking in the sun light; midnight suppers; spearmint gum.

Mildred Shelley—Easter lilies; pink satin and pearls; rainbows; memories of smiles.

Mr. Everett—"My big brother"; dinner dances in bungalows; rattly Ford runabout stalled on a hill-side; dollar watches.

Marie Miller—Fair simplicity; summer frocks; ducks swimming in ponds; white climbing roses on green trellises.

Zelma Spidle—Diaries; pressed flowers; Louisa Alcott's "Little Women"; laughter.

Melvin Holm—Fruit trees in neighbors' yards; bicycles on tarred highways; white shirts.

Maybelle Nissen—Little sisters; windy days on city streets; arpeggios.

Mr. Reynolds—Steel guitars; Virgil smoking Havana cigars; golf courses; muted organ solos.

Frances Jones—Hallowe'en; gum drops; Johnny-jump-ups; Young America.

Joel Mallory—Canoe rides; Alaskan journeys on snow shoes; watch fobs of leather; water spaniels.

Miss Genevieve Mott—Annie Laurie sung at twilight; old lace valentines; scent of lavender; forget-me-nots on a hayride.

Fred Fellows—Harmonica solos; great expectations; scribbled essays; lost puppies; blackberry jam.

Marjorie Anderson—Sport skirts and hats on display; banana specials; ivory beads; camelias.

Nellianna Pye—The children's hour; melodies; white narcissi bowing in the wind; chocolate bars in tinfoil.

Bryant Forsyth—Black shirts; sheep herding on hillsides; Sunday School on cold mornings.

Mr. McCarthy—Plato driving a Ford on a hairpin grade; puppy love; wavering melodies drowned in thoughts; gray gloves.

Kenneth La Point—Wire-haired fox terriers; overalls; swimming pools.

Martha Erwin—Old fashioned flower gardens; plaid dresses; pressed flowers in old hymn books.

Arnold Coltrin—Professors in caricature; faded button hole flowers; tooth picks at lunch counters; calliopes.

Mr. Baker.—Mountain trips on a mule; cheese sandwiches; bottle of cool milk with a straw; rainstorms.

Mildred Woodworth—Lilacs; tomorrows; St. Cecelia.

William Olsen—Punch and Judy shows; red roses; little boys just promoted; burlesques.

Frances McCanse—Green tam'o'shanters; weenie roasts after school; breath of sea winds through flowered windows.

Joseph Swyers—Brown velvet; wide rivers crossed in ferries; reminiscences.

Carl Witham—Ploughing fields; red apples in baskets; lion cubs.

Mr. Elkins—Iced chocolate on shaded porches; droning of bees; hidden superstitions; topazes.

Bernard Holm—Racing cars; clarinet solos in ragtime; Whistle.

Gertrude Willcox—Canary bird songs; lupins on hillsides blown by spring breezes; pals; watermelon feeds.

Fred Janssen—Tattoo of drums; spaghetti; hot afternoons.

Lois Cox—Social secretaries; florient; Pekinese puppies; coral.

Miss Catherine Fields—Melody in F on the cello; little girls lost on the way to school; deep red velvet roses; amethysts.

Aleta Lynn—Country drives in buggies; azaleas; knitted sweaters.

Mr. Bailey—College frat dances; buttonhole carnations; morris chairs and pipe dreams; strumming music.

Madeleine Stout—Sunshine on rocky coasts; giggles in the choir loft; cherries.

Mr. Bartlett—Mahogany desks; bass notes on the piano; brief cases; funny stories told during automobile rides.

Kenneth Whited—Open spaces on the sea; reveries; broilers.

Violet Hastings—Rubies; silver combs; mignonettes and ferns growing about cool springs; blue butterflies.

Howard Fry—Side show at a circus; billy goats; apologies.

Mr. Scott—Camps in national parks; books; tours; laughing trombones.

Theodore Woolsey—Airedales; owls on swaying pine; dispatches by motor.

Margaret Wright—White swans; scent of wistaria in Japanese tea gardens; jeweled silver goblets; thrushes.

—Ernest Baer.

ALUMNI

1920

Dorothy Adams	Attending U. C.
Eunice Gutermute	Attending U. C.
Elsie Moore	Teaching near Sebastopol
Inez Russell	Deceased
Verrel Weber	Attending U. C.
Laura Whitney	Attending U. C.

1921

Annie Sheppard	Attending U. C.
Dorothy Kent	Attending San Jose Normal
Esther Sorenson	Teaching near Petaluma
Thomas Brownscombe	Attending U. C.
Edith Moore	Attending U. C.
Isabel Homan	Attending U. C.

1922

Elizabeth Letold	Teaching at Guerneville
Estella Sinclair	Attending U. C.
Vivian Olsen	Attending U. C.
Ruth Comstock	Attending U. C.
Drusilla Talbot	Attending U. C.
Julia Oakes	Attending U. C.
Zelda Pitkin	At home, Sebastopol
Arsene Chauvet	Business in San Francisco
Meryl Bish	At home, Berkeley

TIN CAN ALLEY

THE SLEUTHS OF TIN CAN ALLEY

It was a dark night and there was no moon. The day had been unusually hot and sultry. The occupants of Tin Can Alley had at last fallen into a fitful slumber.

Mike Maloney, the Alley policeman, was slowly patrolling his beat, trying hard to keep his senses alert for anything that might happen. Mike had had a hard day and was very tired. He leaned heavily against the lamp-post for a moment's rest, and stood in this position for some time. Gradually his tired body relaxed and he sank to the ground in a heavy sleep.

Just then two shadowy forms came noiselessly around the corner;—slowly and cautiously they crept towards the sleeping policeman. Their well-padded feet made no noise. Mike still remained in deep slumber, unconscious of their presence. Suddenly he stirred in his sleep, and at the same moment the two shadowy forms moved quickly and quietly to a nearby fence and waited.

Once more Mike sank deeper into sleep, and the two forms crept closer to him. At the same moment another black figure came fearlessly around the corner with a slow yet sure tread. At the fence he stopped and listened, all his senses alert. With his keen eyes he espied the two dark forms. Recognizing them as his enemies, he rushed upon them with sharp, piercing cries. Soon all three were engaged in a fierce fight. It seemed as though the last dark figure that had shown himself was going to be killed. The Alley was filled with shrieks and cries. Mike, awakened by the noise, jumped up and rushed toward the three combatants. He was angry, and he hurled his club at them with all his strength. It did not miss its mark, for three black cats slunk off into the darkness of the night. —M. S.

WORMS

We are all worms!
We dig and we work,
We fill, through our mouths, a cavity inside us.
We wait a few hours
    And then do it again.

All worms have brains,
Groups of cells that know sensation.
We have brains,
The same sensation cells as a worm—
But then, why not?—
    We are all worms.

A worm gains his place in wormdom
By using his mouth,
And people? Why, they're the greatest mouth users there are!
A worm gains his place in the world, I say
By mouthing away at his niche—
A person makes his niche
By demanding attention to its importance.
The louder he bellows, the better his place.
Who ever heard of a human being getting anywhere
in this world without demanding his rights?
Or who ever heard of a worm making his place
Without using his mouth?

There are all kinds of worms—
Flat, long, short, or thick,
Round, skinny, shiny, or transparent—
People are the same,
But then, why not?—
We are all worms.

In the worm kingdom it is a case of survival of the fittest,
Those that can hold their own,—live,
The others,—die.
But sometimes the weakest survive
Because they are strong in their weakness.
And occasionally the strongest die
Because they are weak in their strength.
And as for mortals—well,
As I said before
We are all worms.

A worm never knows where he is going
Or what is coming next—
He hasn't anything on us—

But with all that, I'm glad
That I'm a human worm, and that I'm alive
And that I belong to that special variety,
"Americanus,"
Aren't you?

—H. M. B.

OLD SHOES

In searching for examples of courage, endurance, experience, and fortitude, we would hardly expect to find them in such homely objects as old shoes. We do not look for heroism in a pile of old shoes huddled heels over tops in a dark corner of a closet, or in a sack which hangs up in the woodshed waiting for the rag man to come along. We do not expect to see examples of martyristic endurance in a box of mismated, dusty shoes behind the chimney in the attic. But it is true, I have found by careful searching, that in just such places are just such objects which give us the very best examples of patience, endurance, experience and courage.

Who or what has ever traveled so far on foot as have old shoes? Though forever trodden upon, they never lose their power of understanding. They have had many great experiences; they have lightened the way of many a forward step in human progress. Piles of old shoes dumped carelessly in a corner of the backyard, or even a lonely worn out individual kicked about in the side alley, are magnificent pictures of the martyrdom some things in this world suffer for giving the best of their life to unselfish service.

Homely objects indeed as we see them, bereft of many buttons, with holes in the toes where they have suffered many contacts with the rough old world; with weak, dull spots on the sides where some weak ankled individual interfered with them; with heels ground down to an inconceivable flatness; or with high French heels now leaning perilously,—worn over on one side.

Old shoes are very democratic in principle. Wherever you see a bunch of them together you always see a mixed crowd, so to speak. In nationality and social standing they seem to draw no lines of demarcation. You are very apt to see a low down Italian *zapato,* with broad toes, flat heels and tough expression, thrown in with a French heeled, satin dancing slipper with many but dingy jewels. True, the Parisian slipper has lost much of its youthful beauty, its heels have a tipsy, undecided appearance, but considering what its past has been, the memories it has of brilliant parties and curtseying to nobility and all, one would hardly think it would care to associate with such plebeian objects as some old shoes are. But all old shoes, no matter what their former station in life has been, are never snobs. Wherever their fate is cast, they prove their appreciation of the woes of their companions.

There are always old shoes that could tell great stories if they could but speak. Though most of the thrilling experiences of old shoes are matters of their youthful past, yet there is one great experience which comes only to the oldest of old shoes. For decades they have played an important part in the solemn service of matrimony. Tied with

dainty ribbon bows to the taxis, trunks, and suitcases of numerous newlyweds, they have shared in the ecstatic bliss of many a honeymoon. Their greatest ambition is to some day bounce merrily along on a wedding tour. This is an old shoe's heaven.

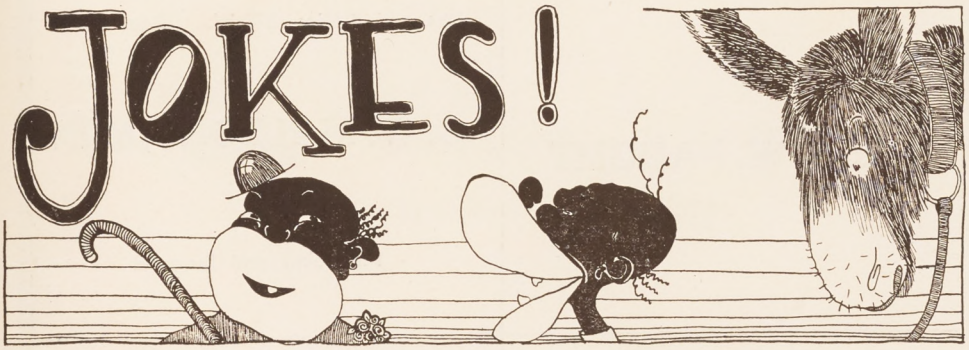
It seems an ungrateful world, that, while selecting with great care some stylish footwear that will carry it on its illustrious way, yet, when these faithful servants lose their youthful beauty or become blase in the swift moving whirl of fashion, will toss them aside with careless, forgetful hands, to finish their life in a wretched pile of rags, tin cans, and other junk. But it is the fate of the humble to suffer long and die in the depths of degradation. In appreciaion of the life of service, full of courage and endurance, that old shoes have given us all, we can give tribute and supplication to their spirit. May their souls rest in peace!

G. F. W.

tHe cats mEow

oNe cold puRpleniGht the peacefUlness waS rudely brOken by A heart reNding sobBing waiL there caMe anothEr moaN Followed bY fienDish guTtural jAbberinGs a multitude Of sHiveriNg whIte faces appearEd at aS many tEnemeNt wIndows aNd poUred fOrtH mAlediCtions the waiLs and hoWls wenT on wavering INTOa shiVering silencE it was thE catS mEow nIght afTer niGHt the NocturnaL malediCtionS anD prEcipitatIons of deBris on tHe soNorOus aNd soMnamBulous feLine wEnt on tHen munitions wErE runNINg loW And tacTicS cHangeD dIplomacY was rEsorTed to and AtTemPted plaTes OF drUgGed anD violEntLy poIsonEd fOOd wEre sEt out thE FoOd caMe awaY froM teneMENt taBles cHildreN werE HungrY anD At niGht wePt aWaKen ed BY tHe cAts mEow john hEnry wAs oNce sTrong hanDsoMe hALE and heArtY froM hIs rooM he atTenDed thEse nIghTly SereNadeS the pItifUl stRains tHE piErCing wAils tHe halF sObbing gutTuraL blUb beRinGs of the felINE wEre aFFectinG HIM hIs rooM as mANy otHerS waS DeVoiD of small furnitUre & so forth he beCame thin pale hagGa rd hE slePt Very litTle when awaKeneD by the nOise andthE siren He would pulL his scanty bEdclothes oVer his heaD in endeavOrs to quIet the sTrainS with the resuLt that he toOk Cold in hiS lower liMbs the Food seT out was unToucHed The melodiEs conTinued eVery niGht tHe working meN were Going insAne by degreeS then one nighT john heNry watched anD waited alL was stiLL thE sKy wAs deeP bLuE cold the stars wEre white Icy the mooN wanEd AlL was sTill Still stiLL joHn henrY wAs happy the allEy waS at Peace thE maRaudEr had leFt johN at the dAwning oF tHEyelloW morn laY doWn to slEEp eXhaUst ed But haPpy The coOl GoldEn quIet of tHe waxiNg daWn was pieRc ed by aN agoniZing TremuLous blood CurdlinG waIl jOhn hEnry fain Ted it was The cAts meoW

c E b



Doctor—What can I do for you?

La Point—Say, if I knew that, I wouldn't be paying you two dollars for telling me.

Ray—I opened my radio set last night and got the City of Mexico.

F. McCanse—That's nothing, I opened my window last night and got Chile.

Mr. Bailey—What is the best means of conducting electricity?

Catherine Pressley—Why, er—

Mr. Bailey—Wire, that's right. And what is the unit of electrical power?

Catherine—The what, sir?

Mr. Bailey—The watt. I'm glad to see you know your lesson.

Indignant traffic cop—Say, you! Didn't you see me wave at you?

Lois—Yes, you fresh thing, and if my father were here he would paste you one for it.

Nellianna—Are these binoculars very powerful?

Sailor—I should say so. These glasses bring things up so close that anything less than ten miles away looks like it is behind you.

Say, Zelma, did Howard take any of the roses out of the vase last night?

Zelma—Why, no, mother.

Well, that's funny, I heard him say, 'Please, just give me one.'

Mr. Bailey, at Coffee Club, scanning the menu: Say, waiter, what do you recommend?

Waiter: A new restaurant.

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Flapper: Sure thing.
Fresh: Well—would you get your tickets from me?

Violet: Three hair nets, please.
Clerk: What strength?
Violet: Three dances and a car ride.

Ray: Have you read "Freckles"?
F. McC.: No, that's my veil.

"Where are you bound?" asked the inquisitive young miss.
"Hand and foot," replied the prisoner sadly.

Mr. Reynolds: Do you know any language besides English?
Cooper: Sure, I can translate any article on the sporting page.

Joe: Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream.
Waiter: Serves him right; let him freeze.

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Ernie: What kind of writing?
Steve: Writing home.

Hairdresser: How will you have your scalp treated?
Lois: Darn carefully, please.

Flat: Over in California we have a lilac bush 50 feet high.
Flatter: I wish I could lilac that.

How did Colgate and Williams come out in that game?
I understand it was a close shave.

Stacy: See that chalk on my shoulder?
Kenneth: Yeh.
Stacy: Well, that ain't chalk.

Rogers: May I be excused? I don't feel well.
Mr. Bailey: Where do you feel sickest?
Rogers: In chemistry, sir.

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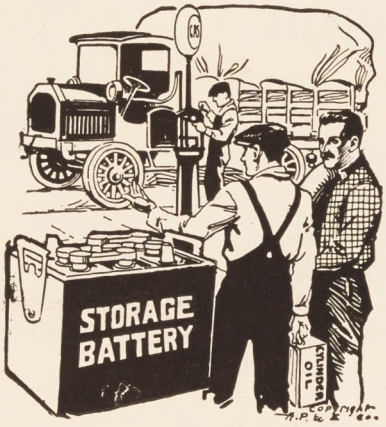

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Miss Mott—We shall take the life of Kipling Wednesday.
Dovey—Gee, what will the cops say?

M. Stout—What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?
Martha—You get a single man, and let the husbands alone.

Peterson—What are you taking for your cold?
Coltrin—Make me an offer, quick.

M. Miller—What do you know about Czecho-Slovakia?
Aleta Lynn—It's hard to say.

Mr. Bartlett—How many members has Congress now?
M. Shelley—Too.

Woolsey—Get any mail lately?
Rogers—No, not a cent.

Pye—Every man has his troubles.
Wickersham—Yes, and three-fourths of them wear skirts.

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K. Whited—No, I'm tired of those organ recitals.

M. Woodworth—Have you heard today's gossip?
F. Jordan—No, really, I have not.
M. Woodworth—Well, then I guess there is none.

Steve—Have an accident?
Brandon—No, thanks, just had one.

M. Anderson—It must be terrible to be buried alive.
Janssen—Well, it's no joke to be buried dead, either.

At that San Rafael banquet.
Joel—Will you have a little lobster?
Violet—Oh, Joel, this is so sudden!

He—Won't you take me for better or for worse?
She—I'm sure it would be for the better, I couldn't do worse.

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M. Wright—Oh, Mr. Policeman, when I tell you why I speeded, you'll let me go.
Officer—Why were you speeding?
M. Wright—I was just trying to catch up to that car ahead to see how the lady had her hat trimmed.

F. Jones—I don't like to ride with you. Your driving is too reckless.
Forsyth—Yes, we've had some tight squeezes, haven't we?

Mr. Scott, in Geology—Please give us the name of the largest diamond.
Dovey (the morning after the night before)—The ace, doctor.

Frances Jordan and Marjorie Seawell went out for a tramp. They found him in the woods!

Cooper—My! I had a terrible dream last night.
Swyers—What was it?
Cooper—I dreamed that I was eating shredded wheat, and when I woke up, half the mattress was gone.

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Dad—What do you expect to be when you get out of college?
Stacy—An old man, father.

Prof.—Do you believe in more elastic currency?
Barney—No, it's elastic enough, but it ought to be more adhesive.

What's that din?
"Gunga."

More impressive.
Gertrude—A penny for your thoughts.
Ernest—Say it in rubles.

At a piano recital.
Ernest—What is that charming thing she is playing?
Shorty—A piano, you dub.

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Mr. Bartlett—How was Alexander I or Russia killed?
M. Nissen—By a bomb.
Mr. Bartlett—Please be a little more explicit.
M. N.—Well, —er, you see, it exploded.

Ted—You look sweet enough to eat.
Helen—I do eat. Where shall we go?

They were out in a canoe on a moonlight night.
Said he, "I'd kiss you, but I'm afraid the canoe would tip over."
Said she, "Oh, I can swim."

Who was here to see you last night?
Evelyn—Only Virla, father,
—Well, tell Virla that she left her pipe on the mantle.

Dolores—Stacy was the goal of my ambitions, but—
Ruth Swyers—But what?
Dolores—Father kicked the goal.

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Alumnus: How are conditions up at college this year?
Stude: Still in the dean's office.

"A man on first and third," said he,
"Here's where we work the squeeze."
"Oh, Stacy dear,—not right here,—
It's so public,—please."

Herb: I hear Asa has left town.
Meryl: Yes, that's about all he left.

Prof.: Do you know when shingles were first used?
Pye: I'd rather not tell.

Martha Erwin: Why did you call that jail-bird, "Amoeba"?
Catherine: Because he is a one celled animal.

Patron: Why aren't there any clams in my clam chowder?
Waiter: Well, do you find dogs in dog biscuits?

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Pop: Have you any ideals, son?
F. Rogers: Gee, you ought to see them, dad!

She: Don't you think talkative women are the most popular?
He: What other kinds are there?

Student: You say there are microbes in kisses?
Mr. McCarthy: There are.
Student: What diseases do they bring?
Mr. McCarthy: Heart's disease.

Ted: I wish I was in your shoes.
Fred: Why so?
Ted: Mine leak.

Heard in Math. 1B.
Bryant (looking at watch)—The ten minutes are up, let's go—
Enter Mr. McCarthy in a hurry.
—to the board and work some problems.

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